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# Poems.

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H. W. Rafferty



Pirated Poems.



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*March 15th, 1890.*

TWELFTH THOUSAND.

# Pirated Poems

A REPRINT

*From an Old Book found on a Book-stall*



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## Preface.

THIS Book is a reprint of a work written by an American, and published by him anonymously. It contains all that was in the original volume except one poem, which has been designedly omitted.

The poems need no recommendation on the score of cleverness or merit. The first poem, "Mixed," is sufficiently good to bespeak for the Author the attention of the reader, who is amply repaid on the next page by perusing the clever parody entitled: "Broke! Broke!! Broke!!!" "A Philadelphia Claverhouse" contains some deservedly hard hitting, and the lesson contained in the last line of "In the Elysian Fields" is much needed, and is not

very widely believed. Deep thoughts also are not wanting; while for tenderness, as well as depth of teaching, scarcely anything can surpass "Throwing Stones." The book has been "pirated" on the conditions which will be found opposite the Title-page, and with the belief that the collection deserves to be widely known for the truth it contains—albeit expressed in a somewhat careless vein.

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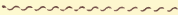
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I.—EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF PROVERBS.

II—PIRATED POEMS.

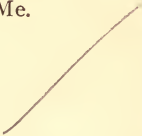
*Others in Preparation.*

# *Pirated Poems.*



## Mixed.

Within my earthly temple there's a crowd :  
There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud ;  
There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins,  
And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins ;  
There's one who loves his neighbour as himself,  
And one who cares for naught but fame and pelf—  
From much corroding care I should be free,  
If once I could determine which is Me.



## Broke, Broke, Broke!

Broke, Broke, Broke!

I have squandered the uttermost sou,  
And have failed in my efforts to utter  
One trivial, last I. O. U.

Oh, well for the infant in arms  
That for ducats he need not fret;  
Oh, well for the placid corpse  
That he's settled his final debt.

And dun after dun comes in,  
Each bringing his little account;  
And oh for the touch of a five-dollar bill,  
Or a cheque for a larger amount!

Broke, Broke, Broke!  
My course as a student is run;  
I'll back to my childhood's home, and act  
The rôle of the Prodigal Son.

## Only.

Only a small bit of paper,  
With just a few dates,—nothing more,—  
Which at an unfortunate moment,  
Glides down from my sleeve to the floor.

Only an Argus-eyed proctor,  
Who, ever upon the *qui vive*,  
Picks up, with suppressed exultation,  
The paper which dropped from my sleeve.

Only four months in the country,—  
An extra vacation, that's all;  
But the trade of a proctor still strikes me  
As something exceedingly small.

## Refozm.

Yes, I know that I once was a bummer,  
The laziest drone of the swarm ;  
But I tell you I started last summer  
The glorious work of reform.

As Freshman I swallowed my bitters,  
And thought that I cut quite a dash ;  
A Soph'more, I raised endless litters  
Of pups, and a feeble moustache ;

A Junior,—how oft the Dean's letter  
Made the hearts of my parents feel sore !  
I was young then, but now I know better,—  
I'll never do so any more.

Don't speak of the bliss of potation,  
Don't tell me that lager is cheap ;  
Don't hint that I need recreation,  
Nor doubt if I get enough sleep.



Ere I spend it, I look at each nickel  
With fond, parsimonious care ;  
P'rhaps you notice how Time's ruthless sickle  
Has shortened the trousers I wear !

Am I thin? Quite correct your conjecture,  
Memorial Hall is the place :  
We breakfast upon architecture,  
For luncheon we merely say grace.

While you, sir, are placidly sleeping,  
The sleep of the thoughtless and free,  
A studious party is keeping  
A vigil in my room : 'That's me.

I know that they were evanescent,  
My many reforms of the past ;  
But I feel myself certain, at present,  
That this one is going to last.

## Insomnia.

Come, vagrant sleep, and close the lid  
Upon the casket of my thought !  
Come, truant, come when thou art bid,  
And let thyself be caught !

For lonely is the night, and still,  
And, save my own, no breath I hear ;  
No other mind, no other will,  
Nor heart, nor hand, is near.

Thy waywardness what prayer can move ?  
Canst thou by any lure be bought ?  
Or art thou, then, like woman's love,  
That only comes unsought ?

Up ! Where's my dressing-gown ? My pipe  
is here,  
Slumber be hanged ! Now for a book and beer.

## Again.

I wonder why my brow is burning,  
Why sleep to close my lids forgets ;  
I wonder why I have a yearning  
To smoke incessant cigarettes.  
I wonder why my thoughts will wander,  
And all restraint of mine defy,  
And why—excuse the rhyme—a gander  
Is not more of a goose than I.

I have an indistinct impression  
I had these symptoms once before,  
And dull discomfort held possession  
Of the same spot that now is sore ;  
That sometime in a past that ranges  
From early whiskers up to bibs,  
My heart was ringing just such changes  
As now, against these self-same ribs.

I wish some philanthropic Jenner  
Might vaccinate against these ills,  
And help us keep our noiseless tenor  
Of life submissive to our wills ;  
And, ere our hearts were permeated  
With sentiments too warm by half,  
That we might be inoculated  
With the mild passion of a calf.

## Procul Negotiis.

I think that if I had a farm  
I'd be a man of sense ;  
And if the day was bright and warm  
I'd sit upon the fence,  
And calmly smoke a pensive pipe,  
And think about my pigs,  
And wonder if the corn was ripe,  
And counsel *l'homme qui* digs.

And if the day was wet and cold,  
I think I should admire  
To sit and dawdle over old  
Montaigne, before the fire ;  
And pity boobies who could lie  
And squabble, just for pelf,  
And thank my lucky stars that I  
Was nicely fixed myself.

## A Practical Question.

Darkly the humorist  
Muses on fate ;  
Ghastly experiment  
Life seems to him ;  
Subject for merriment,  
Sombre and grim.  
Is it his doom, or is't  
Something he ate?

## Et Tu, Berghe !

And art thou, Bergh, so firmly set  
Against domestic strife  
As to correct with stripes the man  
Who disciplines his wife ?  
Such action does not of thy creed  
Appear the normal fruit :  
Thou should'st befriend a being who  
Behaves so like a brute !

## A Mortifying Subject.

What is to be, I do not know ;  
What is, I do esteem  
To be so undesirable  
And worthless that I deem  
There must be something good in store,—  
Something to keep in view  
To reconcile us living here  
For living as we do.

For life,—Oh, life, it seems a chore ;  
Its surface is so blurred  
By storms of passion that it makes  
One long to be interred ;  
To occupy a tranquil spot  
Some seven feet by two,  
And just serenely lie and rot,  
With nothing else to do.



I think that when there ceased to be  
Sufficient tenement  
To hold my conscience, then I would  
Begin to be content.  
And if I should be there to see  
My stomach take its leave,  
I'd gather up my mouldering shroud  
And chuckle in my sleeve.

I think that when the greedy worm  
Began upon my brains,  
I'd wish him luck, and hope he'd get  
His dinner for his pains.  
I'd warn him that they would be apt  
With him to disagree,  
For if they fed him well, 'twere what  
They seldom did for me.

But when I should be certain that  
My scarred and battered heart  
Was o' my corporality  
Not any more a part,  
Though I'd no voice, I'd rattle in  
My throat with joyous tones,  
And, with no feelings left, I would  
Feel happy in my bones.

## Mea Culpa.

(My fault)

There is a thing, which, in my brain  
Though nightly I revolve it,  
I cannot in the least explain,  
Nor do I hope to solve it.  
While others tread the narrow path,  
In manner meek and pious,  
Why is it that my spirit hath  
So opposite a bias ?

Brought up to fear the Lord, and dread  
The bottomless abysm,  
In Watts's hymns profoundly read,  
And drilled in catechism,  
I should have been a model youth,  
The pink of all that's proper :—  
I was not ; but, to tell the truth  
I did not care a copper.

I had no yearnings, when a boy,  
    To sport an angel's wrapper,  
Nor heard I with tumultuous joy  
    The church-frequenting clapper.  
My actions always harmonised  
    With my own sweet volition :  
I always did what I devised,  
    But rarely asked permission.

When o'er the holy book I'd pore,  
    And read of doings pristine  
I had a fellow-feeling for  
    The put-upon Philistine.  
King David gratified my taste,—  
    He harped, and danced boleros ;  
But first, the Prodigal was placed  
    Upon my list of heroes.

I went to school. To study? No!  
I dearly loved to dally  
And dawd'e over "Ivanhoe,"  
"Tom Brown" and "Charles O'Malley."  
In recitation, I was used  
To halt on every sentence;  
Repenting, seldom I produced  
Fruits proper of repentance.

At college, later, I became  
Familiar with my Flaccus;  
Brought incense to the Muses' flame  
And sacrificed to Bacchus.  
I flourished in an air unfraught  
With sanctity's aroma;  
— Learned many things I was not taught, —  
And captured a diploma.

I am not well provided for,  
I have not great possessions ;  
I do not like the legal or  
Medicinal professions.  
Were I of good repute, I might  
Take orders as a deacon ;  
But I'm no bright and shining light,  
But just a warning beacon!!!

Though often urged by friends sincere  
To woo some funded houri,  
I cannot read my title clear  
To any damsel's dowry.  
And could to wedlock I induce  
An heiress, I should falter,  
And fear that such a bridal noose  
Might prove a gilded halter.

My tradesmen have suspicious grown ;  
My friends are tired of giving ;  
Upon the cold, cold world I'm thrown  
To hammer out my living.  
I fear that work before me lies :  
Indeed, I see no option,  
Unless, perhaps, I advertise  
"An orphan—for adoption !"

A legacy of misspent time  
Is all that I'm the heir to ;  
I cannot make my life sublime,  
However much I care to.  
And if, as now, I turn my head  
In retrospect a minute,  
'Tis but to recognise my bed  
Before I lie down in it.

I am the man that I have been,  
And at the final summing  
How shall I bear to see sent in  
My score,—one long shortcoming!  
Unless, when all the saints exclaim,  
With righteous wrath, "*Peccavit!*"  
Some mighty friend shall make His claim—  
"He suffered, and — *amavit!*"



## A Second Thought.

This world's the worst I ever saw ;  
I'd like to make it better.  
I'm going to promulgate the law,  
And hold men to its letter :  
Be respectable, and stand  
Esteemed of Mrs. Grundy ;  
Attend to business week-days, and  
Read moral books on Sunday.

On Sabbath-keepers, every one,  
Approvingly I smile, and  
Frown on those who spend their Sun-  
Days down at Coney Island :  
Don't play cards, young man ; Gobang  
Affords amusement ample,  
Speak carefully, eschewing slang,  
And set a good example.

The theatres,—how bad they be !  
The players,—oh, how vicious !  
The waltz, I shudder when I see,  
And think it most pernicious :  
Shun the wine-cup : don't be led  
To drink by scoff or banter ;  
In the cup lurk pains of head,  
And snakes in the decanter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah me ! I wonder if I'm right !  
I say it's wrong to do so,  
As though, without a soul in sight,  
I ruled alone, like Crusoe :  
Is it that I am partly wrong  
And partly right, my neighbour,  
And that we get, who toil so long,  
Half-truths for all our labour ?

# Fruit Illum.

(Joy was)

Were you nurtured in the purple?

Were you reared a pampered pet?

Did a menial throng encircle

You, in waiting while you ate?

When a baby had you lockets,

Silver cups and forks and spoons?

Were there coins in the pockets

Of your childhood's pantaloons?

Did hereditary shekels

Make your sweethearts deem you fair,—

Reconcile them to your freckles

And your carrot-coloured hair?

In electrifying raiment

Were you every day attired?

Was the promptness of your payment

Universally admired!

Did your father, too confiding,  
    Sign the paper of his friends?  
Did his railway stock, subsiding,  
    Cease to pay him dividends!  
Are his buildings slow in renting?  
    Did his banker pilfer, slope,  
And, absconding, leave lamenting  
    Creditors to live on hope?

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Ere you dissipate a quarter  
    Do you scrutinize it twice?  
Have you ceased to look on water  
    Drinking as a nauseous vice?  
Do you wear your brother's breeches,  
    Though the buttons scarcely meet?  
Does the vanity of riches  
    Form no part of your conceit?

I am with you, fellow pauper !  
 Let us share our scanty crust ;  
 Burst the bonds of fiscal torpor,  
 Go where beer is sold on trust.  
 Let us, free from *res angustæ*,  
 Seek some fair Utopian mead,  
 Where the throat is never dusty,  
 And tobacco grows—a weed.

## Civil Service.

On Pennsylvania Avenue

He stood and waited for a car;  
He turned to catch a parting view  
Of where the Public Buildings are.  
He looked at them with thoughtful eye;  
He took his hat from off his head;  
He heaved a half-regretful sigh,  
And thus he said:

“ My relative, I do the bidding  
Of Fate, and say to thee, Good-bye,  
I think thee fortunate at ridding  
Thyself of such a clerk as I.  
Thy sure support, though somewhat meagre,  
Hath much about it to commend;  
Nor am I now so passing eager  
To leave so provident a friend.

“Light was thy yoke, could I have borne it  
With tranquil mind and step sedate :  
Why did my feeble shoulders scorn it,  
And seem to crave a heavier weight?  
Extremely blest is his condition  
Whose needs thy bounteous hands supply,  
If he but fling away ambition,  
And let the world go rushing by.

“*Indocilis pauperiem pati,*  
I must get out of this damp spot.  
Away ! Away ! Whatever fate I  
May have in store, I fear it not.  
Away from all my soul despises—  
From paltry aims, from sordid cares ;  
Fame, honour, love—time’s richest prizes—  
Lie waiting for the man who dares.

“The man who calls no man his master,  
Nor bows his head to tinsel gods ;  
Who faces debt, disease, disaster,  
And never murmurs at the odds :  
Although his life from its beginning  
Marks only fall succeeding fall,—  
Let him fight on, and trust to winning  
In death the richest prize of all.”

He jambed his hat down on his head ;  
He turned from where the Buildings are ;  
Precipitately thence he fled,  
And caught a passing car.



## The Loafer's Lament.

My heated brain is burning,  
My soul for rest is yearning,  
Speak to me not concerning  
    My duties as a grind :  
But bring the cooling tankard,  
For which I long have hankered :  
When at my side it's anchored  
    I'll consolation find.

Fair Idleness, thou devil !  
Thou charming sprite of evil !  
How in thy charms I'll revel  
    When my degree is won !  
But if to-day I woo thee,  
To-morrow I shall rue thee,  
With longing eyes I view thee,  
    While yet thy spells I shun.

A  
Philadelphia Slaverhouse.

To the fathers in council 'twas Witherspoon spoke :  
“ Our best beloved dogmas we cannot revoke.  
God’s infinite mercy let others record,  
And teach men to trust in their crucified Lord ;  
The old superstitions let others dispel ;  
I feel it my duty to go in for hell.

“ Perdition is needful ; beyond any doubt  
Hell-fire is a thing that we can’t do without.  
The bottomless pit is our very best claim ;  
To leave it unworked were a sin and a shame :  
We must keep it up, if we like it, or not,  
And make it eternal, and make it red-hot.

“To others the doctrine of love may be dear ;  
I own I confide in the doctrine of fear :  
There’s nothing, I think, so effective to make  
Our weak fellow-creatures their errors forsake,  
As to tell them abruptly with unchanging front,  
‘ You’ll be damned if you do ! You’ll be damned  
if you don’t.’

“Saltpetre and pitchforks with brimstone and coals  
Are arguments new to rescue men’s souls.  
A new generation forthwith must arise,  
With Beelzebub pictured before their young eyes :  
They’ll be brave, they’ll be true, they’ll be gentle  
and kind,  
Because they have Satan for ever in mind.”

## In the Elysian Fields.

What! you here? Why, old man, I never  
Felt more surprise, or more delight.  
Who would have dreamt that you would ever  
Parade around in robes of white?  
I always thought of you as dodging  
The coals and fire-brands somewhere else;  
And here you are, with board and lodging,  
Where not so much as butter melts.

Well, well, old man, if you can s'tand it  
Up here, I'll never make a fuss.  
I had forebodings that they'd planned it  
A little stiff for men like us.  
The boys were much cut up about you,  
You got away so very quick;  
And as for me, to do without you—  
It absolutely made me sick.

I wish you could have seen us plant you,  
Why, every man squeezed out a tear,  
And just imagine us,—now can't you —  
The gang, and yours the only bier !  
Fred hammered out some bully verses ;  
We had them printed in the sheet,  
With lines funereal as hearses  
Around them. Oh, it did look sweet !

Hullo ! Is that Sir Walter Raleigh?  
I wish you'd point the people out :  
I want to look at Tom Macaulay ;  
Is Makepeace anywhere about ?  
Where's Socrates ? Where's Sidney Carton?—  
Oh,—I forgot : he was a myth.  
If there's a thing I've set my heart on,  
It is to play with Sidney Smith.

What? Glad I came? I am, for certain ;  
The other's a malarious hole ;  
I always pined to draw the curtain,  
And, somehow knew I had a soul.  
The flesh,—oh, wasn't it a fetter?  
You'd get so tired of all your schemes.  
But here I think I like it better ;  
Oh dear, how natural it seems !

## To Mabel.

Upon this anniversaree  
My little god-child, aged thre,  
These compliments I make to thee,  
Quite heedless.

And that you'll throw them now away,  
But treasure them some future day  
Are platitudes, the which to say  
Is needless.

You small, stout damsel, mick'e mou'd,  
With cropped tow-head, and manners rude,  
And stormy spirit unsubdued  
By nurses,

Where you were raised, was it in vogue  
To lisp that Tipperary brogue?  
Oh, you're a subject sweet, you rogue,  
For verses.

Last Sunday morning, when we stayed  
At home, you got yourself arrayed  
In Lyman's clothes, and turned from maid  
    To urchin ;  
And when we all laughed at you so  
You eyed outside the falling snow,  
And thought your rig quite fit to go  
    To church in.

Play on ! play on, dear little lass !  
Play on till sixteen summers pass,  
And then I'll bring a looking-glass,  
    And there be-  
Fore you, on your lips, I'll show  
The curves of small Dan Cupid's bow ;  
And then the crop that now is " tow "  
    Shall " fair " be.



And then I'll show you, too, the charms  
Of small firm hands and rounded arms,  
And eyes whose flashes send alarms

    Right through you ;  
And then a half-regretful sigh  
May break from me to think that I,  
At forty years, can never try  
    To woo you.

What shall I wish you? Free from ruth  
To live and learn in love and truth  
Through childhood's day and days of youth  
    And school's day :

For all the days that intervene  
'Twixt Mab at three and at nineteen  
Are but one sombre or serene  
    All Fool's Day.

## Epithalamium.

(a wedding hymn)

The marriage bells have rung their peal,  
The wedding-march has told its story;  
I've seen her at the altar kneel  
In all her stainless virgin glory;  
She's bound to honour, love, obey—  
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.  
I watched her as she rode away,  
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,  
My earliest inamorata;  
And to the passion that I nursed  
For her I almost was a martyr.  
For I was young and she was fair,  
And always bright, and gay, and chipper;  
And oh, she wore such pretty hair!  
Such silken stockings! such a slipper!

She did not wish to make me mourn,  
She was the kindest of God's creatures ;  
But flirting was in her inborn,  
Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.  
I do not fear your heartless flirt,—  
Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is ;  
But when girls do not mean to hurt,  
But *do*,—*Orate tunc pro nobis !*

A most romantic country place,  
The moon at full, the month of August ;  
An inland lake, across whose face  
Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust ;  
Books, boats, and horses to enjoy  
The which was all our occupation,  
A damsel and a callow boy ;—  
There ! Now you have the situation.


We rode together miles and miles ;  
My pupil she, and I her Chiron.  
At home I revelled in her smiles,  
And read her extracts out of Byron.  
We roamed by moonlight, chose our stars,  
(I thought it most authentic billing),  
Explored the woods, climbed over bars,  
Smoked cigarettes, and broke a shilling.

An infinitely blissful week  
Went by in this Arcadian fashion :  
I hesitated long to speak,  
But ultimately breathed my passion.  
She said her heart was not her own ;  
She said she'd love me like a sister ;  
She cried a little (not alone) ;  
I told her not to fret, and—kissed her

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,  
A deal of time, and all my spirits ;  
And much—how much I dare not state—  
I mused upon that damsel's merits.  
I tortured my unhappy soul ;  
I wished I never should recover ;  
I hoped her marriage-bells might toll  
A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she's married ; now she wears  
A wedding-ring upon her finger :  
And I—although it odd appears—  
Still in the flesh I seem to linger.  
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here  
Lies by my side a wedding favour ;  
Beside it stands a mug of beer ;  
I taste it,—how divine its flavour !

I saw her in her bridal dress,  
Stand pure and lovely at the altar ;  
I heard her firm response—that “Yes”—  
Without a quiver or a falter.  
And here I sit and drink to her  
Long life and happiness, God bless her !  
Now fill again ! No heel-taps, sir !  
Here's to—success to her successor.



## Jilted.

Stay me with flagons, . . . for I am sick of love.  
*Cant. ii. 5.*

To seem gay and youthful I'm trying,  
But my heart is as old as the hills,  
And I feel that those paries are lying  
Who tell me that grief never kills.

My story has oft been related ;  
I fit in an old, old groove,  
Since never, as some one has stated,  
The course of true love ran smooth.

Susceptible, young, and romantic,  
I thought her an angel of light ;  
And still, save when grief makes me frantic,  
I firmly believe I was right.

An angel she was, but the healing  
She bore on her wings was a part  
Of the means that she used for annealing  
Another young man's broken heart.

And that's why I say, "Bring on flagons,  
And place them convenient for me!"  
'Tis not that I wish to see dragons  
And snakes, as we do in "D. T."

No, No : 'tis because I would quiet  
This sorrow to which I am linked ;  
While fancy, unshackled, runs riot,  
And memories grow indistinct.

Let me cherish once more the delusion  
That girls are as true as they seem,  
And, during my mental confusion,  
Imagine it all was a dream.



# Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense.

It was my happy lot to meet,  
 Upon a late occasion,  
 While seeking of the summer's heat  
 Agreeable evasion,  
 By visiting at a resort  
 Of fashion,—where, no matter,—  
 A maid whom there were none to court,  
 And very few to flatter.

Her head had not the graceful poise  
 Of Aphrodite's statue ;  
 Her hair reminded you of boys,  
 Her nose was pointed at you.  
 A Derby hat. the self-same sort  
 The fashionable male owes  
 Money for, she used to sport,  
 As angels do their haloes.


She seldom walked in silk attire,  
But commonly in flannels,  
Nor yet in oils did she aspire  
To figure on a panel :  
Because she could not help but see  
She was not tall nor slender ;  
Nor did she deem her curves to be  
Superlatively tender.

Some prudish dames did her abuse  
With censure fierce and scathing,  
Because she, happening to lose  
Her stocking while in bathing,  
Deemed such a loss of little note,  
And made no fuss about it ;  
But tied the stocking round her throat,  
And reappeared without it.

I do not think that for the pelf  
 Of eligible booties,  
 Or for the chance to deck herself  
 With diamonds and rubies,  
 Or for her standing in the books  
 Of prim and proper ladies,  
 Or for their disapproving looks  
 She cared a hoot from Hades.

Though competent to hold her tongue,  
 When circumstance demanded  
 Speech, she was, for one so young  
 Astonishingly candid.  
 She sang the cheerfulest of songs  
 Which, sung by her, were funny ;  
 And never brooded on her wrongs,  
 Or hoarded up her money.

'Tis true, this careless damsel's fame  
At last grew rather shady,  
But if the man disposed to name  
Her fast, or not a lady,  
Permits his strictures to be aired  
Where I can overhaul him,  
The present writer is prepared  
To strict account to call him.



## All or Nothing.

Happy the man whose far remove  
From business and the giddy throng  
Fits him in the paternal groove  
Unquestioning to glide along ;  
Apart from struggle and from strife,  
Content to live by labour's fruits,  
And wander down the vale of life  
In gingham shirt and cowhide boots.

He too is blest who, from within,  
By strong and lasting impulse stirred,  
Faces the turmoil and the din  
Of rushing life ; whom hope deferred  
But more incites ; who ever strives,  
And wants, and works, and waits, until  
The multitude of other lives  
Pay glorious tribute to his will.

But he who, greedy of renown,  
Is too tenacious of his ease, —  
Alas, for him ! Nor busy town  
Nor country with his mode agrees.  
Eager to reap, but loath to sow,  
He longs *monstrari digito* ;  
And looking on with envious eyes  
Lives restless, and obscurely dies.

## His Washerwoman.

“My laundress! my laundress! she causes me  
distress,  
And woe, and anguish infinite, and endless bitter-  
ness.”

’Twas thus, with fingers in his hair, exclaimed  
the Muse’s scion,  
And gazed upon—the night was fair—Arcturus  
and Orion.

“Her bill she has sent in to me. What shall my  
cares dispel?  
For how to pay the small account I cannot, can-  
not tell.

“My laundress! my laundress! When first for  
me she washed,  
My brow was smooth, my eye was clear, my  
soul was unabashed;  
And when she came to get my clothes my  
manner was urbane,

And I looked up and smiled, and asked if it  
were going to rain ;  
And she with all humility her eyes to mine would  
raise,  
Then, glancing at the clouds, would murmur,  
‘Yes, sor, av ye plaze!’

“My laundress! my laundress! Her ways are  
altered now,  
And when she comes for clothes, she comes  
with scorn upon her brow ;  
With eyes downcast upon my book, I sit absorbed  
and still,  
Until she says, ‘Young man, I’d loike the money  
fur me bill :  
Me childer has no shoes to wear, me rint is  
overdue,  
Pay up, young man, and I’ll not be a troublin’  
of you!’



“My laundress! my laundress! She sends a  
shadowy boy  
To watch me mornings while I sleep, and damp  
my rising joy;  
And when I wake from tranquil dreams and  
innocent repose,  
That small gossoon beside my bed is sitting on  
my clothes.  
He only says, ‘Miss Grady’d loike the money,  
sor, to-day.’  
I, speechless, turn toward the wall; he, silent,  
goes away.

“I’ll go and see my laundress, and speak the  
truth unmasked;  
I’ll tell her how impossible a favour she has  
asked;  
I’ll say that I am penniless, and if I put up  
spout

As much of my effects as I could get along  
without,  
The sum that I would realise upon them would  
amount  
To only one poor third of what is due to her  
account.

“I’ll say I sometimes contemplate absconding  
from the place,  
But that I’m not a scoundrel scamp, like  
Thackeray’s Deuceace ;  
And though I cannot pay her bill, I will not run  
away ;  
And then I’ll listen patiently to what she has to  
say ;  
And when vituperation has taken off the edge  
Of her just wrath, I’ll speak, and thus I’ll put  
myself in pledge :

“ I’ll say, ‘ You have a daughter ; I know she is  
not fair,  
But never for mere looks did I particularly care.  
I often have remarked her, as, when the day was  
fine,  
She went with sprightly grace to hang my clothes  
upon the line ;  
And oft have I addressed her, and, though her  
speech was curt,  
I learned to love her, as she fixed a clothes-pin  
on my shirt !

“ ‘ I’ll cultivate your daughter ; I’ll woo her with  
an art  
That shall not fail to quickly make impression  
on her heart ;  
And when her young affections with subtlety I’ve  
won,

I trust that you, dear madam, will receive me as  
your son.

The duties that devolve on me I'll never try to  
shirk,

And what I cannot pay in cash you shall receive  
in work.'"

## Throwing Stones.

"I love my child," the actress wrote ;

"My duty is to guide

The child I bore, and in my arms

The child I love shall hide :

Shall hide from missiles cast at me,

Because I have so odd

A conscience that I choose to rear

The child I took from God."

There is a sin from which us all

May gracious Heaven guard ;

Which is its own worst punishment,

Itself its sole reward ;

And of it social law has said

To man, "If sin you must,

Go, then ; and come again, but leave

The woman in the dust !"

Ah ! who can know, save Him Allwise  
Who watches from above,  
The awful hazard women dare  
To run for men they love?  
Or tell how many a craven heart,  
To shield his own bad name,  
Has caused a woman's trustful love  
To bring her lasting shame?

To her who, when the dream has passed,  
Finds herself left alone—  
And in her crushed repentant heart  
A yearning to atone—  
Heaven, more merciful than man,  
Who erst upon her smiled,  
By love to win her to itself  
May send a little child.

Then, if the lonely mother's heart  
Accepts the gracious gift,  
And if the charge she dared to take  
She does not dare to shift ;  
Shall we, untempted and untried,  
To ease and virtue born,  
Visit upon her shrinking head  
Our unrelenting scorn?

We, who have all our lives been taught  
Truths other men have learned,  
And walked by what celestial light  
In other bosoms burned ;  
We, whose sublimest duty is  
To do as we are bid, —  
How shall we judge a soul from which  
The face of God is hid?

Know you the loneliness of heart  
That courts release from Death?  
That makes it burdensome to draw  
Each slow, successive breath?  
That longs for human sympathy,  
Until, when hope is lost,  
A respite from its agony  
It buys at any cost?

Of erring human nature we  
Are born each with his share :  
We all are vain ; we all are weak,  
And quick to fly from care ;  
And if we keep our footing,  
Or seem to rise at all,  
'Twere well for us with charity  
To look on those who fall.



And if our hands are strengthened,  
And if our lips can speak,  
'Twere well if with them we might help  
Our brothers who are weak ;  
And well if we remember  
God's love is never grudged—  
And never sit in judgment,  
If we would not be judged.



But Love—I think the story ran—  
Was proof against the fairy's plan,  
Discerning, through the mask, the man,  
                                Perhaps ;  
Or is it true that women try  
But very faintly to descry  
Long ears on heads that occupy  
                                Their laps ?

I know a youth whose fancy gropes  
For head-gear finer than the Pope's ;  
So him his bright and treacherous hopes  
                                Delude.  
But in the mirror of his fears  
When this too sanguine person peers,  
Alas ! behold the jackass ears  
                                Protrude !



## Snowbound.

*A Law Office ; two briefless ones. A clock strikes.*

JAMES :

One, two, three, four. It's four o'clock ;  
There comes the postman round the block  
And in a jiff we'll hear his knock  
Most pleasant.

Inform me, Thomas, will he bring  
To you, deserving no such thing,  
Letters from her whose praises ring  
Incessant?

THOMAS :

Friend of my bosom, James, refrain  
From putting questions fraught with pain  
And seeking facts I had not fain  
Imparted.

The said official on this stretch  
Will not, in my opinion, fetch  
Such documents to me, a wretch  
Downhearted.

JAMES :

Nay; but I prithee, Thomas, tell  
To me, thy friend, who loves thee well,  
What cause there is for such a fell  
Deprival.

Why is it that the message fails?  
Have broken ties, or twisted rails,  
Or storm, or snow, delayed the mail's  
Arrival !

THOMAS :

Thou art, O James, a friend indeed  
To probe my wound and make it bleed :  
To know of my affairs thy greed  
Has no bounds.

The reason why you have not guessed ;  
If storm there were, t'was in her breast ;  
For there my letter, unexpressed,  
Lies snowbound.

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